

For Edw

List of my 32 subscribers

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CHARLES DACRES:

OR,

THE VOLUNTARY EXILE.

AN

HISTORICAL NOVEL,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

IL COR NELLE PAROLE.

Pastor Fido del Guarini.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JOHN MOIR, PATERSON'S COURT:

1797.



GENERAL VIEW
CHARLES DACRES:

OR,

THE VOLUNTARY EXILE.

CONTAINING :

His Birth, Education, Travels, and Adventures,—interspersed with many humorous Anecdotes.—Continental Remarks.—Scenes in Life—and the Portraits of many living Characters, well known by the Beaux Monde both of France and England.—History of TOM TRUEMAN.—The unfortunate CATHERINE of MEAUX.—Vicissitudes of Fortune.—A Description of Matrimony.—Emigrants.—Reflections. &c. &c.—intersected with Poetry.

JOHN H. BAKER

THE POLYMER LETTERS

THE TOWN OF THE FUTURE

A GENERAL VIEW
OF
THE CHARACTERS
CONTAINED IN THIS WORK.

CHARLES DACRES (the Heir's) Father,—
his Mother.

COMPROMISE, the Lame Attorney.

PARABOLE, Tutor at the University.

TOM TRUEMAN the Commoner.

JACK JUMBLE, the Parson.—SPORCO, and
other Collegiate Characters.

EUPHEMIUS, a Gamester.

FITZWODEN and O'BLUNDER, Officers in
the Irish Brigade.

MARGUERITE, the Brunette.

COMTESSE GRASSE, and LOUISE, sisters, one
a Wit, the other a *Savante*.

MADAME BELLE-COURT, Pensioner in a
Convent.

PRINCIPE * * * * *, an Italian No-
bleman.

The Unfortunate CATHERINE of MEAUX.

PROSPECTUS, a Philanthropist,—and

SPECULATOR, CLIMAX, the Author.

D'OLINVILLE, an Emigrant, &c.

A GENERAL VIEW

THE CHARACTERS
CONTAINED IN THIS WORK

Charles Darnley (the Hero's Father) —
his Mother —
Compton, the Hero's Attorney —
Parsonage, the Hero's Tutor —
Tom Trueman the Companion —
Jack Hunter, the Hero's —
Other College Characters —
Eunice, a Gentlewoman —
Fitzwater and Alexander, Officers in
the Irish Brigade —
Margaret, the Hero's —
Comptess Grace and her sister —
a W. the other a —
Wladimir, Bart. Court —
Government —
Principle * * * * *
The Unionist —
The Hero's —
The Hero's —
The Hero's —
The Hero's —

TO THE READER.

THE Work which, with infinite humility, I am about to present to a liberal Public, has no other merit than its conformity to the motto affixed to the commencement of it.

“ Il cor nelle parole.”

PASTOR FIDO DEL GUARINI.

I am much aware, that the heart has on many occasions predominated, and trust that, whenever this has been the case, the feeling and benevolent will throw an indulgent veil over such errors as the hand of youth and inexperience can scarcely steer clear of. It might, perhaps, be presumption to say, that what is wanting in accuracy, is made up for

in sensibility. Of this, however, the Reader can *alone* be an adequate Judge;—and, as it is a misfortune, almost inseparable from human nature, to be misrepresented, and to err in the moments of our most pure and praise-worthy intentions, it may not be wholly irrelevant from the business of this Work, briefly to state what is proposed in it.

To enamour the mind with Virtue,—to tear the gaudy extrinsic trappings from Vice,—and, (bereaving her of her deceptious mask) to shew her real deformity;—to warn the youthful and unsuspecting from the gilded cup of Pleasure, with which they are often intoxicated and tempted by the enchantress to drink unto the very dregs, where lurks

the bitter poison of remorse ;—to *shew men as they are*, and (disdaining adulation) to give a candid sketch of life, and its disappointments :—These were the motives for my taking up the pen with trepidating hand, and these the only rewards I proposed to myself as the fruits of my labour, or as the object of my desires. Ambition is out of question, as I am fully convinced of my unworthiness as a candidate for Fame :—That every Author may wear his wreath unenvied is my wish :—that a dividend of applause and glory, adequate to the merit, and descriptive of the kind of merit, should be allotted to every writer,—is equally my desire : Nor do I design to steal one leaf even from the palm of literary victory. Whilst our sages, our

philosophers, naturalists, and historians, accompanied by our bards, our men of *belles lettres*, our reviewers, and our *first-rate* writers of romances and novels, shall stand high in the annals of renown, may I not, like a *poor relation*, just appear in the back ground of such illustrious company, ranked as a child of feeling, or the unadorned relator of truths? Or, whilst these exalted characters shall, (wafted by the breath of eulogy) in triumph glide down the ever-flowing stream of immortality, may I not, at awful distance, hope to see

“ ——— my little bark attendant sail,

“ Enjoy the pleasure, and partake the gale ?”

For those who alone delight in the marvellous, I fear my little book

will have no charms; for, as there is more history than romance in my work, and as I have rather been a faithful relator of the chequered scene of life, than the prolific progenitor of fable or inventions, no beauties of the nature alluded to are likely to be found in my writings. The fact is, that, being possessed of a portion of matter not improper for an historical novel, I was prevailed on, at the reiterated request of many friends, to commit it to the Press: Forth let it go then with all its failings. It cannot be more ungratefully or severely treated in the world than him who wrote it, and who may fairly say with Virgil:

"Parve nec *invideo* sine me Liberibis in urbem."

I confess that, now the deed is done, and it is too late, I am frightened,

in the extreme, at the idea of being anatomized by the merciless hands of critics, or of being condemned to be flagellated nine times round the foot of Parnassus, and sentenced never to travel to the top, or sent to some *Botany Bay* beyond the Helicon, the seat of transportation for delinquent authors. There is only one thing can save me,—it is, my want of name ; for who is there, alas ! in this depraved age, who makes it a rule to abuse *Nobody* ? Here hope cheers me ; I see land ; and my insignificance will save me. The better to ensure my claim on mercy, I have begun my book in infinite good humour myself, and perhaps in a style more ludicrous than *part* of the Work may admit of : And if I have painted some per-

fidious, or ridiculous characters, in high colours, I assure the world that offence is not intended to any one. I have done all I can to put my Reader in a good humour with me at our onset, and I humbly assure him, that his being so will be highly beneficial to both of us.

I have the Honour to be,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

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CHARLES DACRES.

BOOK FIRST.

CONTENTS OF BOOK I.

Charles Dacres', a Rich Heir's birth—The Quarrel of the Lame Attorney—The Heir's Father's and Mother's Portraits—Reasons for employing Private Tutors—Minutiæ of Births in general, followed by Mr Dacres' Plan for bringing up his Son—His first Love for the Army—He is initiated at the University—His affecting parting with his Father—Dialogue with Parobole his Tutor—His first Follies—Characters at the University.

A. D. Seventeen hundred and sixty, odd, on one of those mornings which gives birth to a number of individuals called Bipeds, and who are destined to appear on the surface of this terraqueous world, or to serve their country on the aquatic element ; or, in short, (like all men,) are permitted by Providence to vapour a little while here below, and lord it over the inferior animal, vegetable, and mineral creation, formed for their use and pleasure, until they return their *borrowed* form to that clay which composes it, some few feet below the stratum which serves to walk upon,—On one of those prolific occasions, Mrs *Anna Maria Dacres*, (mother to the hero of our story,) having advanced (the usual way, by the ordinary means, and in the old routine manner, such as all women do, and have done before, and since the flood,) to the ninth month of her preg-

nancy ; having duly observed every thing that should be observed, as to diet, exercise, and exertions, and methodically followed Lucina's revolutions, and marked their completion with the end of her bodkin on the almanack,—thought herself about to be brought to bed, in consequence of those regular calculations of lunar months, and many other obstetrical observations. She was not.—*Pains*, my gentle reader, which alone suffice, (when compared with the *pleasure* parents feel at the birth of their children.) to shew what a chequered piece of business life is,—*Pains*, those fore-runners of our appearance on the stage of humanity ; and which, like the retinue of a prince or potentate, or even the buskined hero of the drama or romance, are placed in order due, properly marshalled according to their magnitude, from the *micon* to the *macron* ; or from the *alpha*

to the *omega*, (which last gradual transition from *ab!* to *ob!* really was Mrs D's case ;)—those *pains*, (I repeat it again,) instead of beginning with the little diminutive one (or *valet de pied*) and ending with the great critical important one (which, for the sake of the allegory, we will for a moment suppose the *chambellan*, or the *gentleman-usber*,)—in lieu of all this there was a suspension of proceedings, a truce to intestine divisions and commotions, so that poor Mrs Dacres was thought well enough to dine at table.

Amongst the many indigent guests that used to feed on Mr Dacres' bounty, and assist, in the most unceasing hungry manner, at his hospitable board, (and whom he used to call his subaltern friends,) was *Compromise*, a neighbouring attorney, a very cunning and lame man, and who, (barring the great dis-

proportion betwixt the right and left leg) never could walk straight forwards *pede libero* on the broad road of honour, but must be jirking, and doting, and halting, and chicaning, wherever he went : This man added to a very flattering honied accent the sourness of verjuice, and the sting of a very wasp. He hated old Dacres in his heart, on account of his liberal enlarged mind, and his superior abilities ; but still, from motives of interest, he used to adulate him, and call him his patron, his Meceenas, &c. They did not however always agree, and, in spite of Compromise's duplicity, he often betrayed his natural disposition, and offended his protector ; for, like most gentlemen of the legal profession, (with due deference be it spoken) he possessed loquacity, and sometimes *economised* the truth ; nay, even mutilated matter of fact, when law and equity, like two unruly horses,

would not quarter kindly to answer the conductor's end.

The very day of *Charles's* birth, (*i. e.* young *Dacres*,) Mr *Dacres* senior, and *Compromise*, had a dispute concerning what the former very inurbanelly termed the nefarious practices of *C's* fraternity: Words ran high:—the fable of the oyster was cited: *Compromise* grew impertinent, and waxed warm: Mr *Dacres*, whose temper was irascible, and who saw a wretch, fattened by his charity, insulting him in his own house, burst out in the following flight of epithets, and then threw him down stairs. “Thou atom!
“—thou knave!—thou sinister, ominous, dislocated limb of the law!—thou
“brief, deformed, six and eightpenny
“scoundrel!—thou tergiversing, equivocating, litigating reptile!—thou mis-
“namer of truth!—thou alienator of jus-

“ tice !—thou butcher of common sense !
“ —thou tumid, bombastic, empty, vain,
“ flimsy, cobweb, parchment, paltry cox-
“ comb !—thou grovelling, vegetating,
“ ephemeral insect !—thou hireling, un-
“ conscientious, worldly, unilluminated,
“ ill-begotten, misconceived, cross-born,
“ ill-thriven, illiterate, unfinished brute,—
“ thou !—thou !—thou !”—here the tide
of eloquence ebbed ; but the first torrent
was sufficient to overwhelm Compromise,
who could only articulate these words :
—“ I’ll bring an action for defamation.”
“ Ay,” replied Dacres, “ and for lacer-
“ ation, and conflagration.—Action !—
“ thunder !—I’ll shew you action,—and
“ re-action,—and pulverisation,—and an-
“ nihilation.” So down stairs he precipit-
ated the attorney, according to the in-
verted order of things, the pericranium
foremost, accompanied by a shower of

mortgages, annuities, writs, pleadings, bills, and other titles of oppression.

Mrs Dacres, who was witness to this scene, and who well knew the choleric temper of her husband, dared not interpose during the first fulminating sally of his rage. She sat trembling, panic-struck, in expectation of seeing the lawyer's courage proved by air or fire ; for had not the staircase been so near the door, as to present a speedy, though compulsive vehicle of retreat, Mr Dacres had certainly committed Compromise to the downy pinnions of the wind *via* the first floor window, or thrown him behind the grate. When Mr Dacres had exhausted his vocabulary of ejaculations, and anathematized himself hoarse, he shut himself up a few seconds, to enjoy a soliloquy on the subject, and then, returning to himself, joined Mrs Dacres, whose alarm was so great,

that she had actually fallen into hysterics, which brought on labour.

Mr Dacres' temper was not hastier than his heart was benignant and forgiving : No sooner had he thus kicked and contused Compromise, but he forgot his ingratitude, and would have given worlds to have repaired the injury ;—never could he bear malice,—nor strike a fallen foe.

Not so with Compromise :—He had already sworn his life against old Dacres ; and was framing every *coercive* method of extorting money from him, and exulting in a cowardly revenge.—Constables burst into the house :—this filled the *measure* of Mrs Dacres' apprehensions ; and this was the *coup de grace* which brought Charles Dacres on the *tapis*.

We will not scrutinize circumstances, nor draw rash conclusions from this cause,—nor venture to pronounce what such an occurrence did, or did not augur.—Suffice it to say, (without consulting young Dacres' horoscope,) that he was born. Mrs D. was called *as well as can be expected*; and her son, from the first dawning of reason, had an invincible hatred for attorneys.

Having given a slight sketch of Mr Dacres, we shall only draw the outlines of Mrs Dacres' character, from which two points we may naturally infer, that their son and heir partook a little of both.—This was the case :—He was exactly the *mezzo termine* between these two extremes. Mrs Dacres was the very essence of good nature,—the general peacemaker,—a being without guile,—every one's friend,—her knowledge little ex-

ceeded the domestic cares,—the culinary art,—arithmetic,—all the functions and talents of a seamstress, &c. &c. &c. Ambition she had none;—nor could pride ever sojourn in a heart so mellow with philanthropy, that all the unfortunate she met with felt the overflowings thereof.

Thus having introduced, and, I trust, made friends of my reader and our hero's family, let us extricate Mr Dacres from durance vile, unhand him from the constables, and, restoring him to his *menage*, continue our history.

Mr Dacres was an intimate friend of Sterne's, and somewhat wedded to certain tenets of the Shandean system. He did not go so far back as *the clock*, or the division of the animal spirits; nor did he strive to analyze the period of con-

ception ;—but he was tenacious, to a degree, of his eccentric ideas, concerning births in general. He used to say, that if a man could give change for a guinea in the world, nay, even if it was his last, he ought to hire a spacious airy apartment for his wife's *accouchment*, that the child's first ideas might partake of altitude and greatness, and to dissipate the effluvia of snuffy nurses, a perspiring disciple of *Æsculapius*, and the like. Besides, he would say, a confined chamber compresses the infant's lungs in their first dilation, and makes his first cry, which should be sonorous and grand, mean, pitiful, and ignoble, like the discordant note of a dancing-master's kit ; not to mention the density of inhalations in narrow rooms, humid walls, smoaking chimneys, &c. &c. &c. On this first Chapter of Births, viz. their locality, Mr Dacres had no cause to complain, his dear Charles

having made his *entree* in a very handsome lofty house ; but he was much chagrined at the adventure preceding his arrival ; he was such an advocate for decorum, that he was shocked at the hasty unmethodical manner of his wife's labour ; and much feared that his son would be too volatile ; that his conduct would not be properly weighed ; that confusion would intrude itself on his mind ; and uncertainty would guide his steps :—In fine, that he never would be orthodox. Full of those notions, he set all the mainsprings of the brain to work, to organize, methodize, and compile an educative plan for the heir, comprizing every thing useful and ornamental ; but, above all, hung on the pendulous equipoise of order and prudence.

His first determination was, that his son should be educated in as bold and e-

nergetic a manner as possible ; as nothing (he used to say,) is so absurd as to deprave the young minds of children with trivial and ridiculous amusements, such as tops, balls, marbles, &c. ; because, let them excel ever so much in making use of them, still it can answer no earthly end but to be troublesome to their neighbours. Let boys, (he continued) have every thing that can aid and strengthen a masculine capacity ; teach them to march, to handle a musket, and to swim whilst very young, because these exercises will give them a distinguished manly carriage, and are conducive to health :—more advanced in age, let them take a pair of oars, and row, as it is that which will open their chests, and make the lungs play freely ; let them practice declamation as it forms the voice ; and few things are more striking than a happy selection of words, accompanied by a

gentlemanlike delivery ; music captivates the ear, and attunes the soul to tenderness and humanity ; nay, often leads on to the field of glory, and fills the mind with heroic ardour and enthusiasm ; grace in dancing, like a masterly sculptor, sets off the best of materials, and shews them to the most advantage, whilst it even renders an inelegant, ill fabricated form, passable, if not agreeable.

All these reflections fixed Mr Dacres in his resolution of taking the greatest pains about his son's education ; and the better to superintend it himself, he determined to employ a private tutor, and to educate his child under his own roof : As a farther reason for this plan, he used to say, that in public schools there was such a mixture of tempers and morals, that a child run *at least* an equal chance of having his own spoiled ; it is like (said

he) throwing a guinea into the drawer of a mechanic's compter with other coins; it will still be a guinea, but it cannot avoid losing a great deal of its weight and value, by the friction of baser metals; perhaps more, it may be so disfigured and defaced, that it may scarcely be possible to recognize it. The next consideration was, what profession Mr Dacres was to give his son. After mature reflection, (so difficult was he, that) he pitched on none :—His fortune was considerable, and he resolved on making him *a man of the world*; adding, that a gentleman of a classical, liberal turn, is an ornament and honour to his fellow creatures.

Let us pass over the the infantine moments of Charles Dacres' life, a period always uninteresting to all but relations. The moment reason awakened his mind,

and made it capable of choice, he shewed an unalterable love for the army :— From the first moment a musket was put in his hands, he seemed to be wedded to it, and begged to be indulged in his wish of serving, assuring Mr Dacres that he had a contempt for riches ; and only asked him for the inheritance of his uncle's sword, who was slain in battle, after serving many years in the Austrian service. Ossian and Homer were his favourite authors. The age of chivalry,—the crusades, and the story of *Gaston* and *Bayard*,—were his constant themes.—His soul burned with military ardour,—and often, during his childhood, would he run out of doors, and, seating himself by the side of a silver-hair'd veteran, (begging alms in the street) give him the last shilling of his pocket-money, and pass whole hours in attentive admiration of the fields he had fought, and the dangers

he had run : He thought the profession of arms the first and the most noble in the world ; and never felt so much hurt as at his father's stubborn resistance in opposing his inclination. Mrs Dacres, who always thought a public education the best, prevailed on her husband to send their son to the university, in order to make him lose his taste for the army, and to dissipate his mind by the new scenes which the quitting his father's house, and mingling with the world, might present to his view. She prevailed :—The old coach horses were cleaned, their tails buckled up, and harnessed to the family vehicle, which gently conveyed father and son to college. Mr Dacres, in giving up his son to his tutor-elect, said,—“ Sir,—I present you a young
“ man, who, if his head was as instruct-
“ ed as his heart is benevolent, would
“ puzzle the most profound sophist of ye.

“all. I give him to you unvitiated,—
“like a *white sheet of paper*, on which
“any characters may be written.” Often, afterwards, young Dacres and his companions laughed at the idea of the *white sheet of paper*, which was not a little blotted in a few months.

The parting of Dacres and his son was truly affecting ; for although the latter was not sorry to be a free agent, yet the separation afflicted him :—There is a sad resemblance between death, and parting with those we love :—The uncertainty of ever meeting again, is, in these cases, painted on the mind in liveliest colours ; remembrance of scenes of past endearments embitters every thought, and the soul insensibly sinks into ideas of eternity. Thus it is, that the religious part with resignation,—the impassioned

separate with despair,—the unfeeling quit each other with indifference.

Early on the following morning, our hero received a message from Parabole his tutor, to attend him in college.—He obeyed,—and was ushered into a large lofty room, in one corner of which Parabole was sitting and cutting his corns : (Urbanity is not a part of a collegiate education :) it was in this posture that the tutor received his new scholar :—he made no bow :—his head was so filled with mathematics and technical terms, that it could not perform the inclination which courtesy commonly dictates at the approach of a stranger. Parabole was one of those sanctified looking pedants, who, by an imposing pride, and severity towards their juniors,—an infectious, unhealthy, abominable negligence in their dress, and an unintelligible multiloquacious mono-

poly in conversation, deceive mankind, and, in narrow circles, pass themselves off for men of erudition ; as the inexperienced child estimates money by its weight and size, and prefers the foetid cumb'rous lump of copper to the lighter, though more valuable and elegant, piece of gold. His apartment was *richly* hung with cobwebs ; worlds were before him,—that is to say, globes ;—the motion of which he knew no more about than he did about what was actually doing in the polite world, (a sphere he never had moved in :) the fact was, not one of them could turn upon its axis, being clogged and impeded by filth and rust ; but they did very well to look at, or tumble over, and were inimitably calculated for striking weak minds with awe ; of which number young Dacres was not, being, at thirteen, a man of the world in every thing but conduct. The reverend Mr Parable's vestments

were as shabby as his address was uncivil. To an ill-made *ci-devant* black coat, with a flapped waistcoat, two shades lighter, he subjoined a pair of princess-stuff inexpressibles, a little differing in hue, but otherwise much of a *piece*, or rather in *pieces*, with the rest; black worsted stockings in June; thick shoes placed by him, but which his parsimony deemed superfluous in the house; surmounted by a wig, which owed its grease and flower to the infraction he made on the cook's property,—completed his uncouth figure; a dirtier (except his pupil Sporco's) never was seen. By the aid of a Lexicon, a Dictionary, and Explanatory Notes, shewing the *unde derivatur*, &c. his visitor guessed at his discourse, conceived nearly in the following terms:—"Adolescent, you may sit down, and approximate yourself to me, to receive my

“ instructions ; matutine studies are best,
“ but, to meliorate them, the organs of
“ of instruction should be opened by ad-
“ vice. Morality is the basis on which e-
“ very superstructure should be raised,
“ otherwise it is like the insapient, heap-
“ ing precepts and maxims *stratum super*
“ *stratum*, without the foundation of so-
“ lidity, so that before the edifice is per-
“ fected, it falls to ruin.” Hum ! (here
an awkward, indecorous gesticulation of
his upset three legged table, o’erbur-
thened with books, and covered the
ground with his little learning :—He col-
lected the scattered fragments of his
knowledge, and continued his monologue.
“ You are juvenile, and like unto a white
“ sheet of paper, on which vice or right-
“ eousness may be impressed :” Here he
committed a plagiary ; these were old
Dacres’ own words : Parabole cast an in-
terrogative look on the young man, to

discover whether his ideas passed for genuine, and again recommenced : “ In
“ this great university, we have not been
“ able to expel vice and frivolity. Gentlemen there are, who vie with each
“ other in the nugatory amusements of
“ rowing, sailing, fishing, shooting, banqueting, or what is more immund and
“ incongruous”—“ What’s that, Mr Parable?” said Dacres, purposely to ridicule him : “ Why, why, why, ob, sub, per, con,” (he could not find an eloquent, erudite term) “ pshaw, why, following concubines.” Something had ruffled him,—he was agitated,—his nerves were hurt,—he quoted scripture,—and cut his corn to the quick,—ouf!—was it an avenging spirit? “ Lend me that plaister,—hum!—
“ Some I say there are, who, instead of
“ advancing with the principles and rudiments they get at school, describe a
“ retrograde ; that is to say, perform an

“ evolution ; or, in short, go diametri-
“ cally opposite to where, they ought,—
He paused, and drew breath ; he had
thrown in a dash of astronomy into his
discourse, and was *in nubibus*. “ Dress is
“ an *ignis fatuus* which misguides them
“ all, (all but Mr Sporco, my pupil, a
“ young man of talents and wisdom,)
“ they all run after it. Now, scarlet and
“ green are prohibited, and I would recom-
“ mend economy to you in your choice of
“ cloaths. Now, for example, olive is a
“ pretty grave colour ; and here, (pul-
“ ling up his small cloaths, and shewing
“ two white spots made by the portorage
“ of copper in each pocket,) here, I say,
“ are breeches seemly and decorous in
“ their appearance, and which last for
“ ever : to conclude, (for I hear the din-
“ ner bell) the page of science is what I
“ wish to adorn your mind with : I trust I
“ shall find you docile.” (Charles Da-

eres bowed.) “ Study is an operose
“ thing, and is the alpha and omega of
“ greatness ; you must study, walk when
“ the weather is not injocund, and be
“ moderate in your diet ; this is what I
“ exhort you to :—Take that Herodotus
“ home with you.”

Here ended the lecture. His wearied auditor run off giddily ; and meeting Tom Trueman, (who was the only one he knew at the University) exclaimed, “ My dear Tom, I am just delivered from a fellow whose head is filled with obstructions, and whose mouth discharges nothing but Hebraic and Grecian phrases, and other *sesquipedalia verba*,—the greatest quiz I ever met with !” Herodotus was not read. Our youth dressed himself in a green coat, and went to dine with Tom at the tavern, where he was to be introduced to a set of what Trueman called choice spi-

rits, he might have added, *spirits of wine*; for, never was the shrine of Bacchus paid tribute to in more plentiful libations. We have already shewn young Dacres to be a lad of wit and infinite vivacity; which two qualities, though the flowers of conviviality were mingled and overrun with numberless weeds, from his temper being as hasty as his conception was quick; and, from the early propensities he had for wine, play, &c. his first follies were either puerile or mere *jeux d'esprit*; his great pleasure was to perplex and confuse a *set of dense* block-heads, (as he used to call them) who, because they knew a few Latin authors, mis-named the Greek vocabulary; and had read Locke and Newton, set themselves up for the enlightened part of the creation. He used constantly to torment them with the polite modern languages, which they were ignorant of, with the

usages of courts, and the intrigues of cabinets, which, he used to tell them, they knew as much about as Charles the XII. of Sweden did of rhabdomancy ; and would often rally them on their rusticity and their unpresentability in a drawing-room.

All this made him unpopular amongst the old Grecians ; but that did not hinder him from lampooning his tutor, and setting all the fellows of his college to music in a song made on them all, in which he introduced the story of the two little manors, the property of his college :—The story was ridiculous enough : The college, which he was a member of, possessed (among other lands) two little estates endowed with manorial rights ; on which some depredations had been committed, and which formed the subject of a very acrimonious, severe ad-

vertisement, which young Dacres parodies thus : “ Whereas divers infringe-
“ ments, and most preposterous encroach-
“ ments, have been made on the *too lit-*
“ *tle manners*, the property of ————
“ college, any person or persons, found
“ guilty of committing devastations on
“ these their *little* possessions, shall be
“ prosecuted and persecuted in the most
“ *acerb, unremitting, and violent* manner,
“ and brought to the most *condign* pu-
“ nishment.”

This brought a whole cohort of full-bottom'd wigs and black gowns on his back, and armed the whole conclave against him : It was about this time that he became a character, and was quoted by his fellow collegians, on all festive occasions. The most prominent characters among them, were : Tom Trueman, Jack Jumble, and Sporco. Sporco was a faithful disciple of Parable, and

imitated him in his filth, and other particularities. It is not uncommon to see two very different causes produce the same effects, and *vice versa*. Parabole was indecently negligent in his attire, from the most miserable, sordid penury. Sporco was equally disgusting in his appearance, and affected absence in conversation, in order to gain the name of a book-worm,—a man of intense study.—His friend, Charles, used to tell him, he was *earthly* enough to be a worm, but that it was a *muck-worm*, and not a book-worm; however, to support the latter character, Sporco's shirt was hebdomadal,—his stockings monthly,—and his coats triennial. Jack Jumble was a young man of fortune and abilities, who would have shone in the senate or at the bar;—but there was a good living in his family, and Jack (*bon grè, mal grè,*) was made a parson,—which same ordination

is, at the university, a saddle, which, whether it pinches or galls, or sits too easy, and so slips from side to side, or don't fit at all, still must be clapped on every horse; the consequence is, that a fine dashing fellow, who would nobly have led on a troop of dragoons in the field, is quite displaced in the pulpit. Thus it was with Jack, who was an excellent dry reasoner, and did not want rhetoric on political themes: His knowledge of history, as also of the civil code, turned out of little advantage, and made him confound chapter and verse, law and gospel, in such a way, that he jumbled all subjects together, and misapplied every article of the decalogue, in a most unintelligible manner. Why won't fathers consult the bent of their children's disposition? The character of Tom Trueman we shall reserve for our next book.

BOOK II.

CONTENTS OF BOOK II.

Adventures whilst at the University—Story of Tom Trueman—Watering places in general—Euphemius the Gamester pigeons the Heir—Malediction on Margate—The Heir's first love Catherine—Trip to the Continent—John Bullism—The first interview with Marguerite—Verses carved on an Oak—Story of Tom Trueman continued.

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IT will be necessary to observe, that Mr Trueman was introduced to young Dacres at Cheltenham; and, from his amiable behaviour, had obtained his friendship above a year before he, Charles Dacres, went to College; after which, he was his

second self in all his little adventures ; such as, schemes to torment the acid *Sexagenaires*, who were heads of colleges,—parties of pleasures in the country,—nocturnal trips to London,—* stratagems to get money from his mother, &c. &c. : he was also his confidant respecting his love for Catherine, and his adjunct in all dangers.

* Whenever he was in town, unknown to his father, and at his last one pound one, he used to send Tom with this letter to his mother, sealed with a guinea :—" Keep the letter, but return the " seal."

STORY OF TOM TRUEMAN.

TOM TRUEMAN was the only son of John George Trueman, a respectable commoner of Oxford-shire ; a man whose probity, and success through life, walked hand in hand : He had glided along the stream of time, as calmly as though his little bark had been wafted to its destined harbour by an unceasing vernal gale : No concatenation of marvellous unforeseen events had traversed his course : A series of common occurrences, the offspring of common and natural causes, fill up the page of his earthly transactions. He was one of those figures, both mentally and corporeally, which compose the groups on the back ground of the human picture : for though he really might have been conspicuous for his virtue, yet disinterestedness and self-approbation for-

bade him to come forward : He left the principal characters of the work to be occupied alternately by vice and goodness, and contented himself with a place in that order of society, which the ambitious and ignorant style the second class of men, but who really are the support of their country, and the chief possessors of merit. Mr Trueman had a freehold estate of 200 l. *per annum* : He inherited it from his father, and transmitted it, with his blessing, to his only child. He had found out that useful centre of gravity, which establishes a basis betwixt avarice and extravagance, and is a point never attainable by fools or knaves :—Thus he neither diminished his legitimate fortune by useless expences, nor encreased it by any convulsive motion of inventive or oppressive power :—He cultivated his mother earth with an assiduous, steady, affectionate hand ; whilst she, like a grate-

ful parent, seconded his endeavours, and gradually encreased his stock without ever refusing the gleaner his ear of corn, rejecting the claims of poverty and decrepitude, or committing the shadow of a meanness. In the course of many years, spun out with justice and œconomy, (from 200l.) his estate encreased to 300l. *per annum*, all within a ring-fence : This was Mr Trueman's *desideratum vitæ* :—he thought he had saved enough :—Contentment sat smiling on his countenance, —he was now at the *ne plus ultra*, (as he called it,) of his exertions :—Tom, (he often used to say,) has *enow* : I would not have him too rich, for fear he should be proud, and then he'd be mean to keep up that pride.—He therefore extended the bounds which prudence had allotted to his liberality, (still keeping certain limits in view ;) and Tom was brought up in *sober* hospitality, and in the strict and


scrupulous observance of old customs ; church twice a-day on Sundays,—roast beef and plumb-pudding on Christmas-day,—goose on Michaelmas-day,—strong beer given to all the tenantry once a year, (on Tom's birth day,) with many other unvaried practices of order and religion, —were the objects which distinguished Mr T's chronology. His father would always make him be present at the useful, though monotonous sermon of the curate ; and would add to that a lecture of his own, delivered in a nasal note, between the intervals of spitting and smocking his pipe.

Tom was early in his career deemed a keen shot, and a bold rider, and promised to be a plain righteous man, and an excellent type for a country squire : But man proposes, and God disposes. Mr Trueman died suddenly ; and so exemplary

was his life, that his quitting his station here below, appeared rather a transit than a woeful event. The young squire was transferred from the old mansion to his guardian's house near Bath : His guardian was an indolent and negligent (not to say criminal) man. The ward was sent to a school transcendent for its mediocrity, and then packed up in the stage, and imported to the University ; transported with joy at the idea of being unshackled, and a free agent, and thinking himself amply adequate to the passage of life without a Mentor.

Though Tom's father had been dead but five years ; yet they were the five most essential years of a man's life : It was at that period, when the mind is so pliant as to be bent into any form. In the morning of our age, the materials of the understanding, uncondensed by the

hand of experience, easily receive an impression, which is (generally speaking) very permanent and deep-rooted. There were many points in which Tom differed widely from his departed parent ; for although he had inherited all his benevolence, hospitality, and philanthropy, yet vanity had insinuated itself into a corner of Tom's brain which was most unguarded, and betrayed his honest unsuspecting disposition in the most frequent and cruel manner. What is very extraordinary, is, that this vanity was only attached to objects of parade, and empty sounds : for at the same time that he had ideas of liberality so expanded, that he seemed to clasp every object of compassion in one wide embrace ; tho' every tale of woe melted him into tears ; and though his heart was always accessible to the approach of distress, so that he might fairly be said to have " a tear for



"pity, and a hand open as day to melting charity;"—yet he had an innate native modesty, which made him chuse the obscure shades of concealment and secrecy, for performing the noblest acts that ever honoured the human heart. There were great contrasts in his conduct; for though he delighted in the idea of being called a man of gallantry; yet he would not have injured innocence to become the monarch of the world; and that same man, whose vanity always thrust him into the highest and most conspicuous points of view, was so humble, that he would not hurt the feelings of the lowest wretch that draws the breath of vital air: Tom did not know that useful lesson,—*Qui brille au second rang s'eclipse au premier.*

Young Trueman was a compound of all these affections and qualities: When he

began life, his intimates at college were Jack Jumble, Dick Careless, Charles, &c. ; and it was with the dispositions already alluded to, that the latter left him with his companions, ringing the changes on folly's bells, in the zenith of his glory and the meridian of his years. From hunters Tom passed to phaetons and carriages ;—next to hounds and mistresses ; and so on progressively to race horses :—But how vain indeed are they—“ who “ put their trust in chariots and horses !” This rise and progress naturally lead to a declension,—and a great fall had poor Tom !

So inseparable were Trueman and his second self Charles, that they dined together every day whilst at the University ; and in the vacations frequented the same watering places. Every one knows the nature of these summer habitations and

their attendants ; which commonly are composed of candidates for the hymeneal prize of both sexes, black legs, convalescents, casuals, and fashionables. It was under the banners of that powerful tyrant fashion, that Messieurs Trueman and Dacres served as volunteers, and generally appeared with a tandem and phaeton alternately at Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, Weymouth, Tunbridge, &c. Raffleing, dancing, killing time, mortgaging the acre, and changing *Abraham Newland* as fast as the accommodating tribe of money-lenders could get titles, annuities, and indentures, conveyed and witnessed.

One summer, however, sickness had visited poor Tom, and confined him three months within the college walls. His friend, therefore, went that season alone to Margate, for the sake of change, and

because it had been a mortal sin against usage and style, to be caught at college, or in his father's house in the metropolis, at that time of the year. From the facility all orders of beings, and ranks of people, have of arriving at Margate, by sea,—land,—stage,—post-chaise, &c.—this place has a more motley tribe of visitors than almost any other :—All sizes, hues, ages, and denominations of men, frequent this receptacle for company :—A second edition of the seasons,—a parody on the four ages of man,—or another ode to the passions, similar to that of Mr Collins,—might be composed on living subjects, without stirring out of the hotel. This season was particularly fecund :—The balls looked like Venice in the time of Carnival :—Such masks and fancy-dresses !—Fielding's pen, and Bunbury's pencil, might have worked *ad infinitum* :—There was every character, from the

dame of quality down to the boarding-school miss ; and from the dashing youth of St James's street, down to the nasty, onerous, uncouth inhabitant of Bishopgate without, or Bishopgate within, torn from his counter, and come down by the Hoy, to plunge his mass of mortality, and lave his smoak-dried carcase, in Neptune's briny deep. Never did Ocean's arms embrace such variegated vermin as they did this season ; so that the few pretty women that acted as water-nymphs, did not make up for the other figures obtruded on the billows complaisance.

One of the many frequenters of Margate was Euphemius, whose profession was shuffling and cutting ;—his person was good, and his language admirable ;—he really was eloquent, and never lost sight of harmony, in the depression or elevation, the intonation or modulation, of

his voice ;—his sounds were all melody, —but his society was most dangerous :— he was so insinuating in his manners, that his company was courted by every one who did not know his trade ; and even when that was discovered, he often was crafty enough to keep on a good footing with his acquaintances ;—or, if the harm was done,—it was too late :— besides, “ *he wore a sword.*” He would sometimes live a long time on terms of friendship with a young man of fortune before he plundered him ; and there was so much propriety in his conduct in the world, that he appeared to all strangers unexceptionable.

Our young hero, who loved a classical convivial companion, in his soul, took a great liking to Euphemius : They used to ride out together every day, and often dined together. On one of these last

occasions, Euphemius had procured venison, turtle, and other epicurean viands; champagne, claret, &c. were provided; and a set of well-dressed fellows were produced to meet Mr Dacres,—all wits, or good singers, or fine fellows; in short, every man played his part, whilst Euphemius, splendid in his dress, was seated in the centre of these children of rapine, like Jupiter and his satellites, and received his guest in the most engaging manner. When dinner was ended (and their guest was just drunk enough to give an assenting vote to any proposal, however ruinous) dice were called for, not by Euphemius, who strongly opposed the motion, but by one of the gang, who seemed to over-rule his host: They all played high, and, in about half an hour, the young man saw himself pigeoned of two thousand guineas, by bad luck, or, as others say, in consequence of the adhesion of a

die to one of Euphemius's wrists : *N'im-
porte* : Dacres was too drunk to know a-
ny thing ; he had only to pay and repent.
The prodigal son set off the next morn-
ing for his father's house in town, leav-
ing his malediction to Margate, and sin-
cerely wishing, that as the devil had once
ran among the swine, he might repeat
this frolic a second time on a bathing
morning.

Poor Charles scarcely knew how to
face his parent. Conscience had made
a coward of him : besides, the refusal
he had received to his marriage with
Catherine, had given an additional
proof of the violence of his father's
temper, and rendered him doubly timid
on this occasion ; he had recourse there-
fore to his mother in this perplexity, who,
after using every palliative to disarm her
husband's rage, obtained forgiveness and

payment of the debt ; but confirmed Mr Dacres, senior, in his notion of private tutors ; so that he took his son from the University, and forced him abroad. The humiliating loss of Dacres' money had a trifling effect on him, compared with what he felt on quitting a country in which he left his Catherine, whom he loved with so much ardour.

That young Dacres should be enamoured of Catherine, was not at all singular : Nature had been infinitely lavish in adorning her person ; she had the most seraphic countenance that could be seen ; and there was something so irresistible in that serenity which reigned in her eyes, that it was almost impossible for stoical coldness to contemplate her charms, without being interested about her.

The Chevalier Grammont, in speaking of inanimate English countenances, says they have "*l'air d'un mouton qui reve*," the look of a dreaming sheep: Catherine had nothing of this cast in the *contour* of her face; for though she was far from a *beauté piquante*, yet all was expression in her features, and elegance accompanied by vestal modesty. The breath of a May morning was not milder nor more placid than her temper; and to a form which, for its elastic elegance, and graceful motions, might serve for the model of a mountain nymph, she added the most natural, unaffected ease.—Many were her admirers, and very great the offers that were made to her;—however, fate fought against her, as the sequel will prove.

THE STORY
OF THE UNFORTUNATE
CATHERINE OF MEAUX,
OUR HERO'S FIRST LOVE.

CATHERINE's family was more ancient and illustrious than many of those who owe their rank in society to titled insignificance and *fabled* escutcheons.—Riches were also *once* her inheritance ; for, although an enthusiastic attachment to the unfortunate family of Steuart had first proscribed her father, which was followed by his voluntarily expatriating himself, yet his marriage with a West Indian heiress had put him in possession of a fortune infinitely large, though far disproportioned to his munificence. Kingdoms could not dispute giving birth to Catherine, (who had been an honour to any :) the empire of waves first bore her on its surface ; we are told of Venus ;

rising from a wave, and cannot help thinking that Catherine's birth and person would much confirm one in that opinion.—She was born on ship-board, in a passage from the West Indies, and educated at the convent at Meaux in France, which gave rise to her being called Cathrine of Meaux.

She was reared up in occidental luxury, which, with a fortune like her expectance, is not far distant from oriental sumptuousness :—her education was partly French and partly English : in a word, she was accomplished.—Ere she had attained her 10th year, her father paid the debt of Nature.—He did not discharge all his debts with equal exactitude ; so that Catherine's portion was reduced to one-fifth of its pristine value ; she encreasing every day in beauty and in virtue. At thirteen, she came with her mother and

sister, (who afterwards died of a consumption) to England, where they lived in that splendour and magnificence which they had been accustomed to do abroad, but which, in six years, o'erwhelmed them with debts, and forced them to retreat a second time, and seek an asylum on the Continent.

Catherine had much magnanimity in her disposition, but was not less expensive than her father ; so that her fall was more deeply felt.

Charles Dacres was neither the handsomest nor gayest of her admirers, yet it was to him alone she gave her heart ; and often complained that her poverty, her mercenary relations, and her unprotected state, exposed her to the impertinent addresses of fops and nabobs. The preference she gave young Dacres was sensi-

bly felt by him :—She was his *first* love. He (though not handsome) had fairly won her affections. She loved him tenderly, nor dreamt of what was to follow :—Depravity of men !—Our hero was quite a woman's man : to a civility which was born with him, and sprung from the heart, he united refinement and politeness, the effects of an early induction into the great world, frequenting court, and mingling with foreigners :—He was a very tolerable poet ;—had much facility at learning languages,—arms,—riding,—dancing ;—had a pleasing persuasive voice in singing and speaking ;—and, from the early predilection which he demonstrated for travelling, and being wholly devoid of prejudice, was nick-named, at fifteen, the Cosmopolite ; which name he bore ever afterwards among his intimates. What added to his gaining this epithet, was, that he read every book he could get at,

which treated on foreign countries and customs, was an excellent geographer, and was blessed with a most retentive memory. At this time he wished to marry Catherine, but could not obtain his father's consent, who, on this account, and his misconduct at Margate, hurried him abroad. He would often say, in counting over his intrigues and passions, (for we are sorry to say he had both,) " How true it is, that the en-
" thusiastic romance, and rapture-giving
" delirium of love, is felt but at one pe-
" riod of life ; and that is, at that æra
" which the French so beautifully style
" *l'Aurore de la vie*. The Aurora (some-
" thing *stronger* than the dawn of life's
" holiday) our *first* inclination generally
" produces this effect, which never is
" completely felt a second time. Thus,
" of all the wanderings of my heart, of
" all my *ideal* affections and inclinations,

" none was a *real* passion but that I felt
" for Catherine :—We were both un-
" taught children of nature, artless and
" undesigning :—Not so with Madame
" Belle-Court ;—she was exactly what
" Virgil describes,

" *Malo me Galatea petit lasciva puella, &c.*

" Others were adepts, expert, experien-
" ced, troops under Cupid's standard ;—
" but Catherine took my affections by
" enchantment ;—so chaste, so pure the
" flame she felt and inspired, that one
" might say with Shakespeare, the bard
" the best acquainted with the human
" heart :

" Oh ! it came o'er me like a western breeze,
" Breathing upon a bed of violets."

Mr Dacres, junior, was nineteen, and Catherine seventeen, when first they parted. Previous to this cruel separation, they had for three years enjoyed

that union of minds which youth and sympathy produce ; they had been accustomed to count the hours of absence, to frequent the same walks and public places, daily, whilst in town, and to write to each other as regularly, when they inhabited not the same place :— Her beauty and accomplishments had grown on Charles's heart ;—nothing but his depravity could, for a moment, have thrown oblivion's mantle over either of them ; nay, even to this moment, she is inseparable from his thoughts.

Amongst the numberless wise dispensations of Providence, he has implanted in our breasts a natural tendency to brotherly love ; has refined and heightened the feelings when it exists between the two sexes ; and, to complete the whole, has made custom, or the frequency of seeing and conversing with each other,

the last cement which so strengthens this social link, that naught but death can break it :—Their last meeting in England, previous to young Dacres' sailing from the Continent, was a scene easier conceived than expressed.—Vows cost a young lover nothing : they separated like soul severing from body.—Catherine resigned herself to melancholy ; and poor distracted Charles, when the first parox-ism of his love-fever was abated, flung himself into the packet, and committed himself to the ocean, to bear him where it would, with an apathetic indifference concerning his destination.

* * * * *

When the packet was about midway from Dover to Ostend, Charles Dacres, roused a little from the torpitude which at first pervaded his mind and body, just cast a glance around him, to view the companions of his voyage. In one cor-

ner of the cabin was a very pretty *mar-
chande de mode*, ogling a rich merchant :—
in the opposite corner was old Dacres
and his wife, casting up such accounts as
it will not be proper to specify :—a smart
little black-eyed Frenchman was peram-
bulating the cabin and quarter deck in all
directions, and accompanying this peripa-
tetic occupation with a number of pret-
ty airs which he sung with some taste,
but more rapidity. John Bull (for so
I cannot help calling the fungous head-
ed merchant obliquely opposite Charles
Dacres,) seemed inwardly discanting on
man's deformity :—He hated foreigners,
sickened at Gallic levity,—despised the
advances of the *Brunette*,—trod on the
toes of, or turned his back on, every one ;
in short, he seemed as if he had reversed
the social compact, and had entered into
an offensive treaty with all his neighbours.
The Cosmopolite, (for so he might fairly

be called on this occasion,) could not help from curiosity, asking him what could induce him to export himself from the confines of Cripplegate, to be imported into foreign parts, where such an exotic could neither thrive, nor give pleasure :—He was the more led to make this demand, from the number of execrations which exhaled from the merchant's lips, who enveloped the whole universe (save Great Britain,) in one broad d——n. This interrogation produced little satisfaction : The negociant's answer was evasive, though succinct : “ Most people (replied he) have some private concerns of their own, of which they are, or ought to be, competent judges ; and all men would do well to confine themselves to their own affairs.” This he uttered, as though he had spoken to the object of his antipathy ; then, facing to the right

about, exonerated his chest of a little fixed air.

How self love triumphs, when she can exalt herself by comparison! The Frenchman (who really did not want grace in his little stature) rose up on his feet, as though he could "add one cubit to his height," and, casting a look of demonstrative derision on the merchant, exclaimed: "*Bravo, Monsieur l'Anglais! d'honneur il a l'air d'un antropophage, ne vous genez pas, Papa!*" John Bull blasted him: Our hero rose up, and (taking the apostropher by the arm, with that familiarity which good nature and *usage du monde* dictate) walked up and down a little with him; and, first chiming in with him in his pity for this man's prejudices and incivilities, next undertook to prove to him, that there were gothic, unamiable beings, every where;

whilst every where in the polished circles the very reverse of these creatures was to be found. These truths, which sprung from conviction, made no impression on the auditor. Frenchmen in general, though they are polite and amiable to all the inhabitants of the globe, still have a fault, which is, their invariably adjudging the palm to their own nation, on all possible occasions: All the answer obtained from the Frenchman, was, "*Monsieur est donc Anglois; il parle cependant François comme nous autres.*" Young Dacres saw he was incorrigible, and could not help reflecting how singular it was, that these two people, of dispositions diametrically opposite to each other, should be infected with the same malady under forms so very different.

Ostend presented itself to his view at this criterion; and *Monsieur de la France*

went unbidden to all the passengers who had been sick, and congratulated them on the proximity of land, and the term of their sufferings being so nearly expired. For the sake of veracity, it must be confessed that he was officious and inquisitive ; but he was all attention, and extended a sweet tempered complaisance even to the humblest inhabitant of our wooden walls : he assisted some to ascend the steps ; lent his great coat to one ; furnished a chair to old Dacres ; complimented others, and kissed *Mademoiselle la Marchande de mode* :—nay, what is still more extraordinary, there was in the embrace neither rudeness, obscenity, nor that degrading familiarity which might have existed betwixt an officer and a tradeswoman : decorous precision presided over every jest : it was done gently, and the spectators were prepared by his taking off his hat ; not with a *flatus*, as Sterne says,

but with the gradual motion of respect, which seemed to preface the affair with *je vous salue très humblement* ; which salutation the damsel received with lively gratitude.

So much for *life* and *liberty* ; we now pass to the article of *property*, the most essential point with the merchant. He had fastened on his casket, and clasped it with energy, long before the general scramble for bundles, portmanteaus, &c. commenced. Charles, ever careless about this article, did not care the decimal of a carrot what went with his. Dacres senior shewed symptoms of decent precaution ; whilst the little Frenchman vociferated, in the most desperate manner, to enforce the recovery of his *sac de nuit*, which was as parvulous an emblem of property as ever was packed up with care and importance. On this little treasure the sulky merchant had reposed his

unwieldy form, disregarding all the vigilant enquiries of his uneasy obstreperating fellow-traveller. At length the hasty Gaul's eyes flashed fire, when he espied and demanded his *sac de nuit*.—*Parbleu ! il faut avouer que vous etes bien Egoiste*, cried he, *Cochon de patapouf, vous avez abime mes bardes*. John Bull rose up, and, with a cynical sneer, told him, it was not worth while to make such a disturbance about *such a trifle*. He just knew French enough to furnish him with the word *Bagatelle*, and he made use of it to confound his antagonist : *Bagatelle !* repeated the latter, *gros bou !*—*Boutiquaire !* * (let us say, there is no incongruity in the word.) Thus they separated, sullen and discontented, like two clouds in a gloomy sky ; or, to use the immortal Ossian's words, “ Like waves in “ a rocky bay before the nightly wind.”

* Shop-keeper.

Charles Dacres and the Frenchman embraced : He made twenty-two bows, each inflected according to the object it was addressed to :—There was respect to the ladies,—reverence to old Dacres's age and abilities,—esteem for one of his countrymen,—common-place work to the captain of the ship,—courtesy to the crew, gallantry to the *marchande de mode*,—civility to the populace on the shore,—*un air de protection* to the servants,—gratitude to Mrs Dacres for her cold fowl and tongue, &c. &c. &c. The last was to shew *l'homme de bonne compagnie*. He paid sparingly, and retreated genteely.

The vessel was cleared, and the Dacres family proceeded on their journey, and performed the grand tour, which we shall relate in due time and place. They returned by France, and established themselves what is called *for good* at St-

Germain en Laye. Whether *for good* or *for bad*, our reader may determine:—it turned out *for love*:—for our young traveller, at a breakfast given in the adjacent forest, met with the Countess Marguerite de G * * * *, with whom he was violently enamoured. Her carving the following lines on an oak, after an absence for some time from St Germain, not a little encreased the flame; which, as soon as old Dacres discovered, he hurried him off to Paris.

THE VERSES.

Amour, rassemble tous tes charmes,

Pour l'object de mes tendres feux ;

Ecarté *loin* les alarmes

Que l'absence *fait* a mes vœux.

Peins lui sans cesse,

De ma tendresse

La force et la vraie ardeur ;

Et qu'en son ame

Ta pure flame

Ne brule que pour son bonheur.

Arrived at this great and gay metropolitan mistress of the world, the hero of our work plunged into every luxury and excess; however, he still had heavy hours of thoughtfulness, and could not extinguish his flame for Catherine, (Marguerite was now no more the reigning favourite.) Sometimes even he would sit among his associates, consumed by thought, and as though forlorn:—The evening song, and the morning one, were different:—And full many a time the solar beam belied the nocturnal taper, and shewed, in hideous deformed attire, what a few hours before had appeared bewitching.

On such a morn as this, (poor Charles, sitting with his head reclining on his hand,) la Jeunesse entered the room with a letter in his hand. La Jeunesse was one of those *valets de comedie* who play-

ed his part, and assumed that character which appeared best adapted to the humour and sentiments of his spectators :— His master's countenance was his mirror, by which he adjusted the *traits* of his own face. If gravity was the order of the day, la Jeunesse put on his *serieux*, and shrugged up his shoulders :—Or, if mirth was the word, he then was as gay and active as a monkey. His dress had as much of Proteus in it as his features ; sometimes it was Parisian, sometimes Anglican, and often a mixture of both ; being from the hip upwards Monsieur la Jeunesse ; and, from the same point downwards, a New-Market knowing one ; so that he would frequently put one in mind of Horace's lines :

“ *Humano capiti cervicem*

“ *Pictor æquinam, &c.*

DE ARTE POETICA.

To return to the letter.—“ La Jeunesse,” quoth his master, “ What

"have you there?" *Des lettres des Londres*, responded la Jeunesse, with a dubious look, not knowing whether it was proper to be gay or grave. Do they seem as if they have money in them? *Ob! Monsieur pour cette fois ci*, (quoth he with a smile, and thumbing the packet,) *il y a une lettre de Change d'une rude force:—Voyons.*—The seal was broken with infinite impatience; for the master had lost at play the night before, and was much in want of cash; and the servant stood gazing with eagle-eyed curiosity; for he had a favour to ask, and wanted the needful also to conduct his dulcinea, *Mademoiselle Rosalie*, to the *Guinguette*.

The opening of the packet, (without reading the superscription, or attending to the post-mark; for it did not signify *where* it came from, if it inclosed a draft)

developed nothing but a long list of poor Tom Trueman's lamentables; and was not from London but Philadelphia. In the first gust of disappointment, la Jeunesse had his share of disgrace:—*Imbecile que tu es, avec tes histoires de lettres de Change!*—An oath followed, and poor Tom and his calamities were thrown on the shelf. Dacres took three long strides across the room; and la Jeunesse made good his retreat, first faithfully accompanying the gradations of his master's voice, and following, in the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of those expletives: Pshaw!—Pish!—Poo! &c.—Anger was on Dacres's mind like oil on other fluids, perfectly immiscible; it floated but on the surface; so, after a hem, and the hasty friction of one palm against the other,—reflection brought back Tom to his remembrance: Fancy flew over past scenes of youth, and redeemed him from the

oblivion into which the lapse of time, and the reign of dissipation, had plunged him. Tom was again resumed, and read as follows :

THE
HISTORY OF TOM TRUEMAN

CONTINUED.

Philadelphia.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ It was with much irresolution that I prevailed upon myself to take up my pen to bring back to your mind an unfortunate man, once the partaker of many scenes of festivity, at a time of life when candour is in its prime, and when sincerity dictates all our actions. Though

I know you to be as volatile as an ethereal spirit, and somewhat possessed of a levity which spoils some of the best of your good qualities ;—in friendship I believe you firm ; and have an opinion of your heart, which induces me to think that you never neglected a companion in distress,—nor withdrew your assistance in the frowns of fortune. You know, my dear Charles, I never flattered you : I loved and served you when in my power : As long as the transitory golden dream of opulence lasted, I may, with humility, say, I was generous :—My doors opened spontaneously to the needy and the strangers :—I thought all men artless and undesigning as myself,—and never shut one avenue of my heart until I was ruined. Awakened from my *reverie*, I find my malady incurable :—Nothing but the soporific arms of Morpheus can suspend, for a moment, the

reign of cruel tyrant Reflection ; and even during that tranquil interregnum, I often dream of the injuries I have supported and am to support. Prosperity intoxicated me : I now am sick at heart, and the school of adversity hath taught me, that there are no friends for the afflicted :—My soul is so thoroughly surcharged with woe,—so completely worn down by the pressure of injustice, that it is with a hesitating hand that I address *even you*. To give you my history in as succinct a manner as possible, I shall confine myself to telling you, that, after you left college, I became of age, and found myself strangely imposed upon at the winding up of my affairs.—My guardian's negligence,—the accomodating money-lenders, with their co-agents the lawyers, formed such a coalition against my poor property, that they dismembered it entirely, and forced me (to extricate my-

self from their rapacious claws) to sell the poor old house and furniture, and mortgage every acre I possessed : The money I had in the stocks had been sold out to pay Dick Careles's debts ; and Harriot, when she saw all my resources decreasing, pick't a quarrel with me, and left me ; first causing my hunters to be seized and sold, to liquidate a debt she pretended I owed her, and which was a note of hand, extorted from me in a moment of *foiblesse* : Such was the conduct of the *donna amabile*, who was so delighted with your rhapsodical eulogy, in which you quoted so apropos from your favourite Corneille :

“ Le jour qu'elle naquit, Venus, bien qu'im-

“ mortelle,

“ Pensa mourir de honte, en la voyant si belle.”

“ With respect to the defection of this faithful ally, I really found (to use your

own phraze) that her absence was good company.

“ Had I been as great a cosmopolite as yourself, I should not have listened to my John Bull *amor patriæ*, but scraped together the wrecks of my fortune, and lived abroad. But no:—It was in this juncture that I felt the want of talents, and of study : What was I fit for? Nothing. I had neglected my education, and let slip the too late discovered hour for improvement. Unlike yourself, my dear Cosmop, whose social and prepossessing disposition fits you to intermingle and be happy with all nations alike, I hated travelling, and thought that happiness could not exist out of that dear exuberant island, *little England*. In London, the finishing stroke was put to my destruction. One of the first events which happened to me was my being arrested for

the racer I bought of Lord ——, who had passed away my note, unblushing and unconscious at his guilt, and having utterly discharged the retentive vessels of memory from the uneasy *onus* of obligation heaped on obligation, which gave me once such infinite satisfaction in conferring on him : This was the behaviour of him I once thought the child of sensibility. I might here say, *Ab uno disce omnes*. VIRG. —but read farther : During my confinement a thought struck me : It was from the very dark dismal walls which now enclosed poor Tom Trueman, that he formerly liberated Jack Jumble, whose letter of thanks was the most florid, classical, and, crowded with metaphors, I ever cast my eye over, beginning “ *rerum* “ *tutela mearum* ;” and, after an extensive sweep of jumbled quotations, and *traits* of poetry, philosophy, logic, rhetoric, and mathematics, tropes, figures, &c.

ended with ethics and theological remarks, and had for *finalé* that sublime line in holy writ: "Thou hast enlarged
 " me when I was in distress." You may easily suppose that I was not so devoid of sentiment as to animadvert to this transaction, in my letter to Jack. I only put the name of the street, and begged his friendly aid; but he, (who had seen my groom coming across the square, and knew my disgrace,) never would be at home, or write me an answer; and, when the pedant met me, he told me, be of good heart,—*Δίος δετελειητο βυλη*,—Heaven wills it so!—Unfeeling wretch! —I sent to Shuffle the merchant, that filthy collector of minerals, whose transatlantic notions are as foreign to my mind as the countries he has inhabited, and the recital of which he always bores one with, are unfamiliar to my knowledge:—His heart was impregnable:—

he never lent, though as rich as Croesus ; but he'd come and keep me company.— Brief,—I got out with great difficulty ; and am now in a very secondary unprotected quality in North America : Bad weather and bad luck have accompanied me in my *aquatic* trip ; so that I see I am to be equally unsuccessful by land and sea. I could not help repeating Shakespeare's lines in my passage :

Blow, blow thou winter's wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude.

For these words have been verified hourly since my departure" * * *

* * * * *

We think it necessary here to break off the letter, as the rest related to people whose names we cannot make public. Though there was a great deal of depravity and frivolity in the Tom Trueman's friend Charles, yet his feeling and humanity were at least *equiponderous* ; and

in this instance turned the scale:—He felt the shower of tenderness falling fast, and suddenly retired to feed in solitude his sympathetic grief. *Exit Charles Dacres.*

* * * * *

Now it may be supposed that I, the poor pillgarlick of an author, (am going to give the travels of the Dacres' family,) and that I should lead my reader's fancy in chains, or even civilly by the hand, and dwell with him for half an hour on the frozen rivers of Germany, or the burning mountains of Vesuvius in Italy; or shew him the lions in one place, and the antiquities in another:—That I should give a lecture on the propagation of a cockchafer; or give myself airs about manners and customs, and descend into minutiae, like a worthy historiographer, who, (speaking of the Cossacs,) says, “not very unlike us, their heads are protected by hats, and their feet are accommo-

“dated with shoes.”—I don’t mean to do any thing of that sort, neither for fear of betraying my ignorance, nor because I want to shew my continental knowledge,—the reason is, I do not want to clash with my superiors, the writers of history or travels:—They have not made much by it:—What then should I do?—besides, I am writing Charles Dacres’ life more than his travels; and I want to bring you to him directly, without costing you sixpence in coach-hire. I’ll do it therefore directly, if my dear patient reader will allow me:—To make as little of the journey, therefore, as possible, (only for *form sake*,) read a few lines onwards.

1951 10 10 10:10 AM 10:10 AM

11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-10

BOOK III.

CONTENTS OF BOOK III.

Continental Remarks—St Germain en Laye—Palace intended for Louis le Grand—Little-ness of great minds—Anecdotes of Messieurs O Blunder and Fitzwoden, officers in the Irish Brigade—A Duel—The Heir becomes a Spadassin—Reflections thereon—La Comtesse Grasse and Louise, Sisters, Associates of Marguerite—The Heir's Amours: he goes to Paris—A strange letter—Commencement of the Revolution.



MR Dacres had business in Germany, from thence he and family proceeded to Switzerland, and visited the majestic lake of Geneva. Italy was next the seat of their habitation: They visited Rome, Lo-

retto, &c. Antiquities, the arts, ruins, the beauties of Herculaneum, the Colliceum, &c. did not pass unnoticed ; the splendour of religious ceremonies ; the august appearance of the present Pope ; and the hospitality of the Cardinal Bon Compagno, occupied their attention : They were introduced to the Pretender, who, every opera-night, went to take a sleep at the theatre. Young Dacres' favourite occupations, in hours when dissipation allowed him leisure ; were, seeing the fishing, by torch light, in the bay of Naples ; and water-parties, with music, on the Mediterranean : Not farther to trespass on our readers time, suffice it to say, they returned by the south of France to Paris.

As soon as this tour was made, old Mr Dacres felt that his faculties began to be slow and inactive, his limbs were tardy in performing their wonted offices, his

nerves were shook ; decay began to furrow his front ; all nature indicated that the basis was crumbling daily, and that the edifice must fall : he often used to shake his head, and, wiping an intrusive tear from his eye-lid, would say, “ My
“ days are declined like a shadow ; there’s
“ no more travelling for me, but to my
“ long home ; my health has faded like
“ a flower ; and my strength is retreat-
“ ing hourly.”

His spirits were ebbing a-pace, but religion consoled him. To a virtuous mind, it is less the regret of past pleasures, and what we leave behind us, which afflicts us at the moment of our dissolution, than the thoughts of not having profited of providential lessons of morality, and turned them to the use of ourselves and posterity. Mr Dacres’s had been a stormy passage thro’ life ; his sky was unserene, his ocean

ever troubled ; misfortunes, accumulated by time, were always gathering round him ; whilst the black clouds of envy, malice, and ingratitude, full often burst on his hoary head ;—his day was boisterous,—but his sun set in glory ;—he died with piety, devotion, and resignation ;—his last look on the world and its vanities, spoke pity and contempt :—He had pitched on St Germain en Laye * for his last retreat, where he lived hospitably, and with some *eclat*.

The situation of this town is beautiful : From the summit of an eminence it commands a bold and extensive view, varied with taste, and having a proportionate dividend of wood and water ; add to that, there is a craginess about the mountain

* He left this town for a short time, on account of his son's attachment to Madame Marguerite, but his health shortly obliged him to return.

which gives it sublimity ; the precipice is painful, and nearly perpendicular ; but the gratification the eye meets with, on surmounting the top, recompenses the weary traveller:—From the Terrace is the most grateful view:—the wood serves as a shelter behind, and, in the valley, the vineyards have a lively effect, particularly in the vintage month. In this most eligible position, a palace was to be built for *Louis le Grand* ; that monarch for whom fame sounded her loudest and most martial trumpet : but how wonderful it is, that *littleness* should inhabit *great* minds ! This conqueror, who must have looked death in the face with motionless aspect, on numberless occasions in battle, could not behold it coolly one moment in perspective. St Denis, the tomb of kings, is within sight of the Terrace, and for this reason, he never suffered the first stone of the palace to be laid ; the old

castle, however, was the refuge of King James ; and the forest used to be the favourite spot for the chace of many successive kings of France.

The principal inhabitants of this town were pensioners of the Crown, and officers retired from the service : Among this last class (which was numerous) were Messieurs *O'Blunder* and *Fitzwooden*, Knights of St Louis, who had been covered with laurels and wounds in three wars they had served in : They were half-brothers ; but affection had fraternized them in such a manner, that no tie could strengthen their union :—Together they trod every path of life, thorny, or strewn with flowers :—Time never hung heavy on their hands :—With the peep of day they began their devout address to heaven :—And the long winter's evening was beguiled with past combats,

sieges, sorties, and blockades, which they recited with that energetic pleasure which can alone be felt by the *true soldier*, whose faithful love for his King, and entire attachment to his Royal Person, is the main-spring of every action, and forms a part of his religion ; and this emulative glow cannot proceed from any other source but a noble mind. Each time that either of them had occasion to say, *notre bon Roi*,—the tide of life precipitated itself into his face,—the aged nerve seemed to be braced afresh ; whilst the speaker would suddenly spring from his seat, and, dressing by the right, would assume such martial sternness, that his auditors would almost believe that the attack was going to begin :—The exordium generally was,—*Pour mon Roi corbleu Monsieur*. Would to heaven all his Majesty's army was recruited with such materials ! Their mother tongue was I-

rish ; but, as it is not customary for *virtuosi* to visit that country, *merely* to learn the language, our heroes, like most of their countrymen spoke English : The vehicle of speech took another form, but the expression and accent were still the same :—add to this (what more embarrassed and surcharged the organ of utterance) their being obliged to speak French made their language most inexplicable. To an English phrase they would subjoin Hibernian idiom, and French *tournure*. Mr Dacres was called by them a *jolly subject*, meaning *un joli sujet* ; translated, they termed *traduced*, &c. &c. in the most ludicrous manner.

Madame Marguerite,—of whom we have already spoken,—was one of those ladies who like to have a crowded court about her ; and who was pleased to receive homage from all ages, though even

they were the object of her indifference or dislike. Fitzwoden was amongst this number, in love over head and ears (as he called it :) He was blind to the satirical remarks she often made at his expence ; and so jealous of young Mr Dacres, that he was resolved to make him evacuate the fort, or give him battle. Finding, at length, that his ungrateful fair one, in spite of his obsequious assiduities, gave his rival a marked preference upon all occasions, (though she still kept him as a supernumerary candidate at her court, useful only to add to the book of numbers) he grew furious ; he could not bear being trifled with ; he could not endure being harrassed without *coming to an engagement*. Every night was like a piquet night to him,—always on the watch, yet no actual service : he would sooner have fought ten battles ;—for she ever advanced when he retreated,—and retreated

when he advanced. All his ammunition was exhausted ; he had worn the subject of love thread-bare ; as also his regimental indescribables, by genuflexions ; and his hat, by the pressure of finger and thumb in bowing, pressing it tenderly to his bosom, or securing it under the arm :—He next proceeded to talking of his cicatrices,—the hard blows he had received,—the shocks of climate, hunger, &c. his poor constitution had undergone. This was not politic ; it was better as the art of war than the art of love :—She laughed at it : She sometimes would dismiss him with ridicule and contempt ; and, when he was at the door, hang out her white arm, languishingly, like a flag of truce, which brought him back again. Sometimes her attentions to Charles Dacres caused open war : She was the deadliest enemy he ever combated with : He did not know what to do. At last

he was determined on hostilities in *some* quarter, and wrote to his rival as follows :

LETTER

FROM

COL. FITZWODEN TO CHARLES DACRES, JUN.
ESQ; *alias the COSMO*——, *for on this occasion the POLITE may be left out.*

FLIPPANT SIR,

ALTHOUGH I *confess* that my tongue is taken by surprise by a foreign accent, and that prosody, orthography, phraseology, &c. have deserted me like pitiful scoundrels, at the time I most stand in need of them, to encounter your *University scholarship* ; yet I cannot tamely submit to seeing my parts of speech taken liberties with by any one, without defending them *even with my pen*, which kind of *petite guerre*, I am not very *au fait*. War, not letter-writing, has been my

metier. Now, it appears that you have declared upon war against me, so far as *criticism* can go ; and that my accent, and *gauche* manner of making love, are the principal amusements of Madame Marguerite's toilette. You must now take * your party, and either for the time to come, make more case † of a man grown grey in the noble *metier* of war, as I am ; or, by an *affaire* of honour, at least prove that you are ready to shew the world, that you do not fear to meet in the field one whom you detract in the cabinet. With respect to Belle Marguerite, I assure you I have no wish to supplant you ; she's infinitely too much of a ‡ little mistress for me ; I only make my court to her as an admirer of the arts ;

* Il faut prendre votre parti.

† En faire plus cas d'un homme blanchi comme je suis, &c.

‡ Elle est trop petite Maitresse.

and were she even in a *mood* to bestow her favours on me, I should leave your scholarship to *conjugate*, and I would *decline*: *En attendant*, I *expect* an apology for your manner of comporting yourself towards me; or to meet you § *au Val* to-morrow morning at four: The weather is fine, and I shall be happy to play you an air on my German flute ||; or with my French ¶ fiddle-stick which I got at Lafelt.

I have the honour to be,

MONSIEUR LE CHEVALIER,

Your very humble Servant,

FITZWODEN, COLONEL,

A LA SUITE DU REGIMENT DE DILLON,

IRISH INFANTRY, KNIGHT OF THE AN-

CIENT AND MILITARY ORDER OF ST

LOUIS, &c.

§ The seat of the Prince of Beauveau in 1787.

|| A pair of Liegeois pistols. ¶ A small sword.

N. B. The above is warranted to be a *literal* copy, spelling and all.

Dacres, not less brave, though less trained to glory, than the Colonel, accepted the invitation with the warmth of a novice: They met, but no bloodshed ensued: The good O'Blunder, was his brother's second; and reconciled the parties. "Pat, (says he to the Colonel) the killing this boy, will not add one leaf to the wreath of fame: Thy name is known: And you, *mon cher Garçon*, cried he, turning to the beardless duellist, be quiet with you, honey; go, get a commission, then be prepared each hour to die for his Majesty; but never let one drop of honest blood flow for a trivial cause; it is cheating your King, and violating the laws of your religion. I am glad to see you so ready to come,—that's brave,—now embrace,—excuses should be mutual:"—They did,—

and so did O'Blunder embrace them over and over again, whilst his heart oozed out at either eye:—Next he was determined to sound Marguerite,—so took up pen.

FROM

LUCIUS TERENCE O'BLUNDER,

CAPTAIN OF GRENADIERS,

TO MADAME MARGUERITE.

MADAME LA COMTESSE,

I HAVE the honour to inform you, on * the part of my brother, that a † defluxion in his face prevents him from paying his *devoirs* to you ‡ this after dinner;

* De la part de mon frere.

† Une fluxion.

‡ Cet apres diner.

and from ‡ giving you the arm to the redoubt §: the first instant of his re-establishment, he will wait on you with his excuses. So far, fair Countess, I have written on my brother's part, permit me now to || entertain you on my part. Ever since *la Guerre de sept ans*, in which Jemmy and I (meaning my brother) fought side by side, we have been inseparable; our joys and misfortunes have been in common; and nothing appeared a hardship, which we shared together: Poor Jemmy! it would have done your heart good, to see how with his little light company he cut his way through a column of the enemy; but spared the

‡ De vous donner le bras.

§ A redoubt was a thing the brave Captain O'Blunder was much more familiar with than the amusement in question, namely a ridotto.

|| Permettez moi de vous entretenir de ma propre part.

life of an English officer, because he came from Kilkenny, and was a brother mason : I thought James had kilt him, and so brought the surgeon-major to him, wet and dirty as we were, out of the trenches, and shot at like a target, as we went along :—Then it was that Jemmy's heart gave vent ; and we, who had fought like lions, wept, and fondled like lambs, and bound up the poor stranger's wounds, first bathing them with our tears. *I wisht* he'd been a Catholic, that we might have sent father MacShean to confess him. A soldier, Madam, is truly comfortable when he has fought nobly, has his conscience clear, and has a brother-soldier by him, who will see military honours done him, and shed a tear of friendship over him at the end of life's campaign. Ever since this time, which united Jemmy and I more than ever, he has never concealed one thought from

me :—One purse,—one mind,—one room, did for both : When I wanted money I went to his bureau :—Whilst I mounted guard he slept in my tent. And now, that the sun has set upon our youths,—that the regiment is reformed *, and that we have got the cross and a retreat, Jemmy has sold his horses and his little *Bi-joux*,—has got † *in his meubles*, and, joining our mite together, we live as happily and merrily as the day is long. Now Jem's bad luck must throw him in the way of your couple of black eyes, which have taken his heart prisoner, since when, adieu *gaitè*, brotherhood, and all : Instead of talking over our battles and sieges like men, I can get nothing but sighs and monosyllables out of him. That is not all : there had been something noble in tak-

* Un regiment reformè is what we call reduced.

† Maintenant qu'il est dans ses meubles.

ing him by assault ; but to reduce him by famine *ventrebleu*, is pitiful and inhuman. I declare it to you, the * poor boy has not eat an ounce of solid meat, nor a *ration* of bread these eight days ; and what would you have of him ?—Why, he'll surrender at discretion, when there's no more of him left. Indeed, Madame la Comtesse, you'd do a Christian-like act, either to marry him out of hand, or to dismiss him at once, and restore peace to us once again, else you'll be the death of the boy, and then your conscience will besiege you for life, whilst I shall harrass you through the world, crying, “ Kill “ two at once, or give me back my brother.” He is not fit for you : We are both better for the invalids :—Besides, I know your heart is engaged to that pret-

* Colonel Fitzwoden was *only* 56 years of age at this period.

ty, pert, * *poulet-monger*, and you only make a screen of my poor brother. In the name, then, of honour, delicacy, and charity, let me entreat you to break off with James. I have the honour to wish you the good day †.

Your humble servant,

O'BLUNDER, CAPTAIN OF GRENADIERS,
AND KNIGHT OF THE ANCIENT AND MILI-
TARY ORDER OF ST. LOUIS AND OF CIN-
CINNATUS, &c.

N. B. This also is warranted a li-
teral copy, spelling and all.

* By a *poulet-monger* he means a marchand de poulets, or a professed love letter writer.

† J'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter le bon jour.

This eccentric composition produced the giving up the Colonel a very slight sacrifice to Madame la Comtesse. And the smart young Englishman (Dacres,) after fighting a brace of duels for his prize, became sole proprietor.

Our hero's wounding his adversaries in two duels, already acquired him a reputation. His dexterity in fencing gave him a certain pre-eminence which, we are sorry to say, was accompanied by that kind of rashness which all those possess, who, in their youth, become what abroad is termed a *spadasin*, or acknowledged sword's-man. It often happens, in these kinds of combats, as at play, that a momentary success proves dangerous : Fortune cannot always favour the same object :—The prudent gamester and combatant alike should therefore use their advantage with moderation and humility.

To return to Marguerite, her champion attended her daily. The circle in which she moved was thus composed, [(for each constellation has its circle ; and in France, a beauty generally settles her's so as not to be eclipsed by brighter stars :)]

FEMALES.—Comtesse Grasse—Madame Louise, a *Chanoinesse*, her sister :—And numberless cyphers,

MALES.—Charles Dacres :—Principe * * * * *, an Italian nobleman, and *soi-disant* philosopher :—Fitzwoden, *ex Lover*, &c. &c.

Comtesse Grasse was what wits call an *esprit leger* ;—full of fun, wit, conceit, and pun ;—the empress of riddles, *anagramme*, *logogrife*, madrigal, &c. Louise was a *savante*, one who read dry authors, argued, knew Latin, affected masculine a--

bilities, and was a nuisance to her own sex, by caprice or malice, (little matters which). Dame Nature had composed them both of extremes, which produced the greatest discordance in their minds and bodies.—Madame Grasse, the elder sister, was somewhat preposterous in the rotundity of her form,—yet she was ever bounding and playing the wanton like a kitten.—Louise was young and active,—but affected such serious gravity in speaking, and such measured steadiness in moving, that but for her person and sex, one might have taken her for a Roman senator :—The lightest wit had the preponderance in fat ;—the lightest person the preponderance in *gros bon sens*.

They had suited a naval officer on a cruize admirably ;—for Madame Grasse, who weighed 16 stone, carried such sail of frivolity, that but for

her corpulence, must have wrecked her on the rocks of scandal ;—whilst Louise had so much mental ballast, that it seemed to give weight to a little perfumed body, which otherwise must have been doomed

“ To waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

For flesh had been dealt out to her with so penurious a hand, that she was a mere skeleton. The fact is, that they were both ridiculous. The most amorous was the eldest. In this she was not singular :—for abroad blind Cupid is as apt to lurk in wrinkles, as to reside in dimples. In the first case, he is more dangerous by age and experience, and commits more extravagancies, and does more havoc, having less time to lose. Madame Grasse fixed her affections on Principe * * * * * ; and it was a *great conquest* for him.—There is no accounting

for tastes:—Some there are so general, or fanciful in their *penchant*, that one might fairly suppose that the amorous divinity was in fact blind, and made choice of the first object he laid his hand on in the dark. *Chacun a son gout*.—Madame Grasse was the Principe * * * * 's flame *provisoirement*; for his general taste was *oddities*. He was one of those beings who pass for very erudite men; for philosophers and oracles in female circles; and, by confining themselves to them, seldom risk the loss of this kind of renown. Besides, he was robust, complaisant, and comical; and, by learning where the vanity of his favourites were most vulnerable, he had a most happy knack of getting rid of them when their chains became irksome to him, by wounding them in that part.—Louise had also set her cap at the prince; and one day, quoting Horace, said:

“ Tecum vivere amem,

“ Tecum obeam libens.”

This won him ;—and he was eager to inscribe the name of a *bel esprit* amongst other conquests which adorned his annals of gallantry. He one day told *La Comtesse* that she was certainly rather unwieldy,—which was enough to make her mad ; for she always thought herself, (in spite of the stubborn evidences of weights and measures) as light and airy as a compliment :—Thus, by telling the fatal truth, he got rid of his incumbrance, who tore his letters with affected levity, casting them

“ Betwixt the wind and her nobility.”

And this done, he made Platonic love to Louise.—Furthermore the deponent sayeth not.

About the same *epoque*, (the moon-changing) the Cosmopolite got weary of the tranquil life he led at St Germain's,

and was determined once again to move in the higher sphere of Paris, that emporium of taste, and every object of dissipation. He accordingly left it, and became the faithful enamoured *suisant* of Madame Belle-Court,—a beautiful woman, though rather lusty, of whom we shall have occasion to speak in future.

Arrived at Paris, he received the following singular letter from Principe * * * * *, with an invitation to dinner :

“ MON CHER ROUE,

“ J'apprens a l'instant que vous
 “ etes à Paris avec Madame Bellecourt,
 “ belle blonde qui a des beaux yeux
 “ bleux, et de l'embonpoint.—Eh ! bien,
 “ cher Chevalier,—vous etes en car-
 “ naval, et moi en carême ;—vous avez

“ passé du * maigre au gras, et moi
“ du gras au maigre. Vive la variété !—
“ et le mot pour rire ! Venez donc dîner
“ chez moi : Et nous ferons une chère
“ de Commissaire gras, et maigre : tout
“ a vous.”

This same year the execrable French Revolution began,—a scene which no one can conceive but those who were present. It was rather a convulsive metamorphosis, than a change of manners and government. Order vanished :—Religion was trampled on :—The throne was drenched in blood !

Quis talia fando temperet a lachrimis ?

VIRGIL.

We cannot give a more simple and true idea of it, than by reciting some lines of Climax the poetaster's composition.

* Marguerite was very slender.

BRITISH AND FRENCH LIBERTY COMPARED.

The first, the duteous Child of Laws,
In Order and Religion's cause :
Of Angel's form, and spotless robe,
The pride and honour of the globe.
Like some celestial exhalation,
Whose breath's the blessing of our nation.—
The imp of France was always rotten,
Most ill-conceiv'd and worse begotten.
E'en in the womb by Party torn,
Bred by Intrigue, a Monster born !
It's bosom fill'd with envious gall,
Made without any heart at all.
The enemy of all that's good,
In filthy garment stain'd with blood ;
Taught to its betters to be rude,
The Child of black Ingratitude *, &c. &c.

* It may be wondered at, that Climax, who was once the greatest friend to Opposition, should write such Aristocratical lines. The fact is, that that at 40, Reason spoke to him in a dream. After being nearly murdered by a good patriot, and having lost his watch in listening to an orator de-

claiming in favour of the liberty of the press, he became a convert.—He saw that his own principles struck at the root of the Nobility; and that it was their duty, as it ought to be their boast, (instead of basely deserting their Sovereign for the first maniac of a taylor or shoemaker who misleads his fellows,) to support him to their utmost. 'In consequence of this he read his recantation. Climax is not the only proselyte of this kind. I know a merchant, who once was advocate-general of every error and excess democracy of all nations ever were guilty of; chance cast him in a gale of wind on the French regicide coast, where he expected to have lived like the *cadet*, or younger son, of that great national family. Alas! he was half-starved, half-stifled, half-terrified to death! On being asked what he thought of the fraternal embrace? He replied,—he believed it was like a *Cornish bug* to a wrecked mariner; or *Citizen Bruin's* endearments!

END OF VOL. I.



